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For Passenger Service

Between Chicago, Frankfort, Charlevoix, Petoskey, Harbor Springs, Bay View, Mackinac Island, etc., connecting with all Steamship Lines for Eastern, Canadian and Lake Superior Ports. Descriptive reading matter, giving particulars about the voyage, terms and reservations, can be secured by asking local Railroad agent or addressing: 205 N. BROADWAY, CHICAGO, ILL.

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Str. H. W. Butterff.

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Leaves Paducah for Nashville every Wednesday, 12 m.

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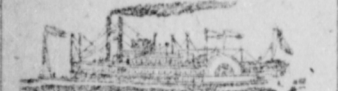
Leaves Nashville every Saturday noon for Paducah.

For freight or passage apply on board or to Given Fowler, Agt., J. S. Tyner, Master.

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ST. LOUIS AND TENNESSEE RIVER PACKET COMPANY.

FOR TENNESSEE RIVER



STEAMER CLYDE

Leaves Paducah for Tennessee River every Wednesday at 4 p. m.

LOUIS PELL, Master.

EUGENE ROBINSON, Clerk.

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OLD-TIME RELIGION.

AGAINST MUSIC IN THE CHURCH, AGAINST CHURCH SUPPERS, CHURCH SOCIALS AND OTHER MONEY DEVICES.

Union City, July 3.—Several years ago there was a split in the Christian church in this city over having instrumental music and societies in the church, and those opposed to these things have organized the Second Christian church, which lately has not been as prosperous and progressive as it should have been, and a call has been issued through the local press by Elders G. D. Smith, C. L. Andrews and W. S. Long for a meeting, to be held July 7, to re-organize the church. A new list of names will be made and the old book ignored. The new organization, while in favor of missions, opposes all "man-made" societies. The call also says: "We oppose also the work of many of the societies which raise money for the support of the church by giving suppers, entertainments, shows, etc. We believe the church should support the work without appealing to the world through the lusts of the flesh. Those making the meeting of occasion of entertainment."

After the first signal both sides were lined with heads.

They popped up suddenly and gazed at each other.

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The Fate of the Gun

A Fourth of July Incident . . .

Copyright, 1902, by Joseph A. Altscheler

By . . . JOSEPH A. ALTSCHELER

THE sun sent down sheaves of fiery rays, and the soldiers behind either line of earthworks sought to shelter themselves alike from the burning heat and the bullets of the enemy. They did not know which they dreaded the more.

"My, how hot it is!" said Helm, taking off his cap and wiping his forehead.

"Yes, but if you were to stick your head up above the earthwork there you'd find it a good deal hotter," said Willard.

"The Yankee sharpshooters, you mean," replied Helm. "There's a fellow over there a little bit to our right who never misses. He clipped off my finest lock of hair, the one my sweetheart at home used to say became me so well, and made a red streak right across the top of my head. Say, how that fellow can shoot!"

Helm puckered up his lips and emitted a low whistle of admiration. Then his eyes wandered to the dismantled gun lying midway between the lines, its wheels shot off, its caisson smashed to pieces, but its mighty bronze barrel intact and ready again for death and destruction if mounted once more.

"It's a pity we can't get that gun," said Helm. "Put new wheels on it, give it a caisson, and it would be a wonder."

"There's no doubt of it," said Willard, "but how to get it, that's the rub, and it's bothering us Johnnies just as much as it is the Yankees over there."

These two divisions of the hostile armies had been face to face for days, neither able to advance and both refusing to retreat. Three days before one side had run forward a great gun in a bold attempt to break through the line of the enemy, but the gun's squad was annihilated almost instantly by the rifle fire, and the gun itself was dismounted by the shells of a sheltered battery. The victors did not dare go forth to secure the splendid gun, knowing that they in their turn would be swept out of existence by hostile fire. So there it lay midway between them, neither side able to secure it and both coveting it with all the ardor of veterans.

Helm doffed his cap and wiped his hot face once more. "How the sun burns!" he repeated.

"So it does," said Willard, "but I believe they've gone to sleep over there in the Yankee lines."

"Gone to sleep! Gone to sleep!" exclaimed Helm scornfully. "You just stick your head above the earthwork and the sharpshooter down there a little to the right will show you whether or not they've gone to sleep."

"I've a good notion to do it," said Willard.

"See here now, Willard," exclaimed Helm. "Don't you be a fool! I know it's silly of me, but I value your worthless life. I don't want to lose a friend. How would you know, anyway, whether they are asleep or not if you got killed? If you are bent on it, why don't you put your cap on your ramrod and stick it just above the parapet? Then you'll see if our friend the sharpshooter isn't awake."

Willard lifted the cap on the ramrod a few inches above the earthwork, where it would look from the hostile line like a human head thrust up carelessly. Not a sound came from the northern earthwork. No rifle cracked; there was no flicker of smoke.

"They're asleep," repeated Willard, "and I'll prove it. Here goes my real head!"

He thrust his face above the earthwork and stood there staring at the northern lines. He was in plain view—brow, eyes, every feature. Usually at such a sight the whole northern earthwork would have flamed into fire with the zeal of the sharpshooters. Now the dead silence of the morning was unbroken. Not a rifle muzzle was thrust into view.

Helm was amazed. "What does it mean, Billy?" he said to Willard.

The low, mellow note of a trumpet came from the northern lines. It was a signal, a musical note breathing of peace, and its soft echoes floated far away, repeating themselves among the sunny hills.

"They want to talk to us!" exclaimed Helm. "I wonder what's up."

The soft note of the trumpet came again, and then an officer in the uniform of a colonel appeared on the northern earthwork, waving a small white flag. A southern colonel rose up near Helm and Willard to respond and lifted a signal to advance.

The northern colonel leaped down boldly and came across the open space between the two lines that had been aptly named "The Plain of Death." As he advanced he passed the fallen gun, halted there a moment, stroked its polished barrel and then walked on.

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MONEY TALKS.

We are Turning Spring Stock Into Cash—Hence These Cut Prices.

<p>\$6⁷⁵ CASH</p> <p>For choice of \$10.00, \$8.50 and \$7.50 Men's Spring Suits.</p>	<p>\$14⁸⁵ CASH</p> <p>For choice of \$23.50, \$22.50, and \$20. Men's Spring Suits.</p>
<p>\$9⁷⁵</p> <p>For choice of \$13.50 and \$12.50 Men's Spring Suits.</p>	<p>25 PER CENT</p> <p>Off on all Boys' Long Pant Suits.</p>
<p>\$12⁸⁵</p> <p>For choice of \$18.00, \$16.50 and \$15. Men's Spring Suits.</p>	<p>20 PER CENT</p> <p>Off on all Boys' and Children's Knee Suits.</p>

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Everybody did. That swell rig [which captured FIRST PRIZE] belongs to us. We rent it and numerous other turnouts at prices within reach of all. Don't forget our pony and trap.

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HERE'S
HOW
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GO

\$1.50 Pants for	-	-	\$.75
2.00 Pants for	-	-	1.00
2.50 Pants for	-	-	1.25
3.00 Pants for	-	-	1.50
3.50 Pants for	-	-	1.75
4.00 Pants for	-	-	2.00
4.50 Pants for	-	-	2.25
5.00 Pants for	-	-	2.50
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Value and Less than Cost
of Manufacture**

Don't Forget the Fact that when We Offer PANTS AT ONE-HALF PRICE the Offer is Bona Fide.
We Have Demonstrated This Fact Before.

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Of All ODDS and ENDS in

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**33 1/3 Per Cent
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OFF ON ALL

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STRICTLY

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